REBELLION.

A POEM.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

THE BELLION.

A POEM.

By REBELLION.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

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REBELLION.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO

J——— W———, ESQ;

LATE

L—D M—R OF THE CITY OF L—N.

" All all look up with reverential awe
" At crimes that 'ſcape or triumph o'er the law,
" While truth worth wiſdom daily they decry,——
" *Nothing is ſacred now but* VILLAINY."

POPE.

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MDCCLXXV.

A LOEM

KEBEFFION

REBELLION.

THAT glorious flame, bright idol of the age!
Which fills the ſervile land with *patriot* rage,
Spirit divine! whoſe life-inſpiring ſound
Spreads the brave blaſt of civil fire around;
Whoſe mad'ning force ſtrikes ſtates with dreadful awe,
Each rule diſſolves, and tramples ev'ry law:
By which confuſion ruſhes over all,
And princes ſtateſmen heroes learn to fall.
REBELLION dread! 'tis thou alone, and thine,
Shall gild the ſtory of my humble line;

Diſpos'd alike thy vot'rys to commend,
Whether of *Boſton*, *London*, or *Mile-end:*
Their wiſdom, and their truth, to all proclaim,
And, through their infamy, exalt their name.

Alecto come! O come without delay!
It ſings thy work, and prompt the dear eſſay;
Studious to hurt thy ever watchful mind,
Ne'er fails t'increaſe the mis'ry of mankind:
Thy ſons, in counſel join'd, invoke thy power,
T'aſſiſt thy agents on th' *Atlantic* ſhore,
Hear Goddeſs, hear them, grant thy gracious hand,
And ſpread thy direful light'nings o'er the land,
Through ev'ry part let civil ſtrife be hurl'd,
'Till death and ſlaughter ſhake the peaceful world.

O thou! whatever title thou pretend,
To ſhew the chriſtian, huſband, patriot, friend;

Whether

Whether thou chooſe thy maker's works to jibe,
Degrade religion, and detract its tribe:
Or yet, remorſeleſs of thy crimes, approve
Thyſelf the mirror of connubial love;
Or, careful that thy name ſhould blaze aloud,
Light the mad torch of diſcord through the crowd,
Or, active in each baſe unmanly art,
Shew the bright faith and virtue of thy heart.
Patron of ev'ry outrage! kindly hear,
Nor fail, O W——! to lend thy gracious ear;
Attend great author of domeſtic woes!
Thou ever faithful to thy country's foes!
Skill'd the rude phrenzy of a mob to raiſe,
" *A villain ſacred in a factious praiſe.*"
Obſequious to thy wiſh wild clamours fly,
And peace and juſtice, law and order die.

Say then, for thou of all canſt truly prize,
The bleſſings that from evil acting riſe,
What endleſs honors on the man ſhould wait,
That builds his greatneſs on his country's fate.
Who tramples on each right of human kind,
Careleſs of ev'ry law that binds the mind;
His nation's peace diſturbs, its power defies,
Through baſe revenge, or hated treacheries:
The public calm ſtirs up to dire alarms,
And fills the land with blood, and death, and arms.
*How glorious 'twere to ſink in ſuch a cauſe!
O welcome death! but periſh *prince* and *laws!*

May

* This infamous prayer, repeated ſo often in the different *patriotic* cabals to the eaſt of Temple Bar, in expreſſions ſo ſimilar, is but one of thoſe extraordinary wiſhes that have occured in the hiſtory of human vices. Such was that of Caligula, who prayed, "that he could deſtroy his country by *one blow*."—And the city harangues ſounded forth, entreating *ſucceſs* to *American rebellion*; a circumſtance that muſt, in courſe of time, be deſtructive to England, in the ſame degree, as the accompliſhment of the emperor's deſire to Rome. Equally ſingular, though of a different tendency,

the

MAY endleſs honours grace thy laurel'd ſhrine,
The publick chief, illuſtrious *Cataline!*
What if thy meaſures fail'd, yet faithful time
Renews the glorious horror of thy crime;
Tho' trembling *Rome* preſerv'd her riſing name,
Yet all the virtue of thy deeds proclaim.
Could'ſt thou but, angel like, review *Guildhall*,
Thou'dſt find *this* age not grateleſs to thy fall;
Thy precepts there in full dominion reign,
Amid a graceleſs, ſenſeleſs, headſtrong train:
A proud rebellious wronghead clam'rous crew,
Who rage alone, and turbulence purſue:
Each emulous of fame, and prompt to try
Th' immortal *Hampden*'s deathleſs infamy;

the wicked exclamation of an Italian Atheiſt,—" *O! utinam extra legitimum et connubialem thorum eſſem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluiſſent ardentious, accumulatem affatimque*; Generoſa Semina *contuliſſent, ê quibus ego forme blanditiam, ac elegantiam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque inubilam, conſequutus fuiſſem.*"

Inflam'd to ſhine the hero's of the age,
And ſpread about the fire of rebel rage.

When publick phrenzy ſway'd the ductile crowd,
And madneſs flew, a *Barron* * ſtiff and proud,
To ev'ry thought but patriot greatneſs blind,
Thus gives th' idea of his manly mind.

'When firſt the earth emerg'd from ancient night,
'And azure heav'n beſpread her vivid light;
'Indulgent nature brought no ſlaviſh tie,
'But mortals rang'd in native liberty:
'Maturing vice ruſh'd forth without a law,
'And paſſion ravag'd without bound or awe,
'Licentious tumult through each part was hurl'd,
'And ev'ry ill grew great, as grew the world.
'*Cain*'s bleſſed race their pious progreſs prov'd,
'And each purſu'd whatever paſſion lov'd:

* A title beſtow'd on the Livery of London by one of their literary demagogues.

'Nor

' Nor right or helpleſs juſtice part employs,
' But all was anarchy! and all was noiſe!
' 'Till buſy men by ſenſeleſs views inclin'd,
' Bound up the nobleſt charters of the mind;
' The world's wild freedom ſhrunk to mean repoſe,
' Hence ſtatutes came, and legal ſyſtems roſe;
' Then coward peace, and, worſt of ev'ry thing,
' Enſu'd, " th' inglorious hated name of KING."
' Soon through the world deteſted order flew,
' And graceleſs law her tyrant weapons drew;
' Vice ſeem'd to periſh, paſſion ſeem'd to cool,
' And puny virtue held awhile the rule;
' Men crouch'd to gain the favour of the great,
' And moſt approv'd their ſervile luſt of ſtate.
' 'Till ſome, with ſpirit bleſs'd, forbore the ſhame,
' Who glory'd in *Rebellion*'s glowing name.
' Hence feuds triumphant rag'd through publick life,
' Thoſe glorious feuds that ſet the world at ſtrife:

' *Kings*

' *Kings* learn'd to feel the *patriot* rabble's ſway,
' And ſhiv'ring power to publick wrath gave way;
' Men knew no right divine, nor rule of place,
' But boldly urg'd the freedom of their race;
' Each vice grew ſacred through the *common good*,
' And factious vengeance ceas'd in royal blood.
' Impulſe divine! that fires the human ſoul!
' To ſuch a glorious act of brave controul!

' In varous age, how greatly virtuous he!
' That acts the fall of hated *royalty*,
' Whether his nation's peace he breaks aſunder,
' And hurls about the rage of martial thunder;
' Or ſingly falls t'*increaſe* the public good,
' In life immortal, through his monarch's blood.
" Like *Cromwell* triumph on the mount of fame,
' Or glorious *Clement** earn a deathleſs name.

* The aſſaſſin of Henry III. of France.

' THERE

'THERE have been, and *there are*, I feel the dart
'Of civic ardour burn my manly heart,
'*There are* whom *nothing* can to mildneſs draw,
'The force of power, nor low'ring threats of law,
'A kingdom injur'd, nor a king abus'd,
'A peoples phrenzy, nor a ſtate confus'd,
'Nor yet connection ſacred or prophane
'Could from the path of *publick ſpirit* gain.
'My brother patriots fill'd with warmth like mine,
'At *nature*'s call for ever foremoſt ſhine,
'*She* guides our acts, diſſolves each legal tie,
'She, great and free ſoul'd, is our deity.
'*We*, tho' the court deteſts, the crowds deſire,
'The wiſe deſpiſe us, yet the fools admire:
'*We* the ſure bane of many a luſty Tory,
'*We* the brave bulwark of Britannia's glory!

'Lo fury riſe beneath our foſt'ring hand,
'And *patriot* clamours mad'ning round the land!
'See *Boſton* docile in *our* glorious laws,
'With loſs of all, attempt the world's applauſe;
'Imbru'd in parent blood beneath *our* care,
'Her plains lay waſte with man-deſtroying war.
'See *Hancock* blooming with domeſtic rage,
'Another *W*—— t'inflame the peaceful age:
'And *Warren*, great in faction, nobly fell,
'*Warren* whoſe fame ſhall future ſtory tell:
'Theſe and a thouſand more of glorious life!
'Diſtinguiſh'd ſuffer in the martial ſtrife!
'Heroes whom Fame's bright archive amply draws,
'Immortal periſh in a rebel cauſe,
'*We* blow the flame as thriving diſcord grows,
'We chear their labours, and aſſiſt their woes.
'Lo! active at *our* will ſeditions riſe,
'And civil horrors blazing rend the ſkies!

'The

'The grateful mob attentive to *our* call,
'Both tye and right ſubverts, and laws, and all.
'Behold we've built an *everlaſting* power,
'That diſtant worlds with envious dread adore,
'A *power that *ſhall* with endleſs time remain,
'Nor *king* nor *ſervile ſenate* dares reſtrain.'

Ah *Britain!* what avails the wreaths thou'ſt worn,
By rebel rage, and ſhameleſs reptiles torn,
To ſcour the land, and rule th' impetuous ſea!
Whilſt thus to knaves, and wicked wiles, a prey.
Sly working traitors! whom no fear can tame,
Who hope but in *thy fall* t'acquire a name!
Patriots who only wiſh their country's fate,
And ſtrive to hurl deſtruction on the ſtate;

* Whether a parliamentary inveſtigation of late tranſactions may not diſturb this boaſted "*impericum ſine fine*" of the citizens, time and injured juſtice can beſt determine.

Behold

Behold thoſe arms that curb'd the *Gallic* line,
And, crown'd with conqueſt, rul'd the diſtant *Rhine*,
By which proud *France* reviews, with ranc'rous pain,
England's ſuperior light'nings awe the main,
Theſe conq'ring chiefs that tow'ring laurels bore,
Lamented periſh in domeſtic gore;
Vet'rans that bravely fought in honor's courſe,
Now fall, to quell rebellion's barbarous force!

BRITAIN that fed her child with tender care!
Meets in return th' ungrateful fire of war,
Whoſe parent fondneſs ſav'd from ev'ry foe,
From ev'ry ill maintain'd, and ev'ry woe:
For all her kindneſs to her infant born,
Finds now but blood, diſgrace, and baſeſt ſcorn.
O judgment! thou haſt fled the human race,
And noiſe and nonſenſe triumph in thy place.

England

England for ever doom'd to boiſt'rous life!
Ever th' ill fated ſtage of private ſtrife!
Scene of wild buſtle! where th' inſidious knave,
With wicked arts, deſtroys the good, and brave,
Where virtue oft through vulgar madneſs bleeds,
And baleful envy ſhames the worthy'ſt deeds:
Where the light breath of popular applauſe,
The meaneſt wretch to giddy greatneſs draws;
This hour in faction's dang'rous deluge drown'd,
The next with *Europe*'s well earn'd trophies crown'd.

THUS day by day, and year by year, we run,
For ever curs'd in ſome outrageous ſon.
Not we alone a *B*—— or *W*—— complain,
Since *B*——'s and *W*——'s bleſs'd each former reign,
Times, ever faithleſs to our peace, ne'er fail,
To raiſe ſome miſcreant truth and right to rail;
In ev'ry age produc'd ſome *publick ſcourge*,
From th' elder *Edward* to the younger *George*.

Behold how folly in the ſhape of ſenſe!
Drives the rude blaze of *city* inſolence,
Formal parade of *patriots, liv'ry'd imps!*
Recorder, ſheriffs, council, mayor, and pimps!
All crowd the ſcene at ſpleen's inſpiring call,
To low *St. James's* from the high *Guildhall.*
All ruſh from *B——*, that common ſenſe ne'er had,
To *A——n* famous for the mighty mad,
The patriot toga! and the graceful gown!
The haughty ſtride! and magiſterial frown!
Cramm'd with each life contemning page of *Plato,*
Each common-councilman is then a *Cato.*
They feel each publick wrong the age endur'd,
Through *them* alone each publick wrong is cur'd:
Their brethren's crimes their friendly aid engage,
And ſpite of juſtice, ſwell their manly rage;
They come! they come! the train of redicule!
To brave before the world their monarch, 'fool.'

*Set rules to *Europe*, and to tutor *kings*,
T'expel all law, and change the courſe of things,
Say treaſon's juſt, place falling vice on high,
Call falſhood truth, and honor infamy.
At *Scotland* and the *Pope* revengeful bawl,
And roar—"*a Stewart is the cauſe of all.*"—
And then to radicate each riſing evil,
Would mould the court, as zealots do the devil.

So once the croaking race, as tales abide,
Join'd thoughts the world's wide regions to divide,
And frogs with frogs in buſy councils vie,
"Rule you the Eaſtern, and the weſtern I,"
And bloated inſects bear a fancy'd ſway,
While man's uſurp'd prerogatives decay.

* The pernicious purpoſe of theſe ridiculous petitions requires no comment, as the villainous abſurdity of their tendency has been frequently manifeſted. It was thus a Creole oyſter-woman petitioned a Lord Chancellor of England to enforce her hereditary and conſtitutional right to the crown of theſe realms.

Or as the ſound of Mile *End*'s vagrant hall,
Bellows at *S—b—dg*'s elaſtic call!
Attractive voice! that gathers *ſmiths* and *naylors*,
Thieves, *hectors*, *bayliffs*, *bakers*, *dungmen*, *taylors*;
Directors, *jobbers*, *ſharpers*, *knaves unite*,
And *fops* and *quacks* the common tune recite,
Stern patriots all! that hate a ſtateſman fool,
And wiſe in gentle *W——*'s long fam'd rule;
None waits that power of fiſt or lung enjoys,
To thump the board, or raiſe th' applauded noiſe;
There *P——r* order and diſcretion braves,
And boiſt'rous wrong-brain'd crazy *Maſkell* raves.
There thund'ring nonſenſe ev'ry law defies,
And dullneſs whirlwinds vibrate on the ſkies.

Mercy to them! but when *a man* whoſe ſtate
Is bleſs'd with each endowment to be great,
In whom both learning nature art combin'd,
And gave thoſe talents which adorn the mind:

When

When he, ingrate, perverts th' lib'ral ray,
And ſpleen or paſſion draws the man away;
When his wrong'd country's long neglected claim,
Is loſt, abſorb'd in party's envious flame.
Whoſe efforts ſtrive t'encreaſe a rabble's fire,
And ev'ry power's employ'd in *faction*'s ire.
At ſuch a *change* who feels not gen'rous woe!
And ſighs to ſee a *C——n* ſink ſo low!

———————

O TIMES of folly! when the mad the weak
The ſenſeleſs and the rude preſume to ſpeak;
The idly buſy'd blockhead learns to ſhine,
In *Half Moon* ſpeeches, "eloquence divine!"
Each ſilly babler dy'd in *patriot* work,
Expects to ſoar a *Mansfield* or a *Burke*.

WHO laughs not at the wonders of the age,
A quack ſtark mad with oratorial rage,

Thieves bending with a people's bloody care,
And baniſh'd reptiles ſhine the chiefs of war;
A mob attempt to guide the courſe of things,
Lead *Europe*'s great affairs, and lecture kings.
Each thought of virtue honor truth forgot,
And *half our nobles* buſy in the PLOT.

WHO ſmiles not when a *peer* turns fool, or coward,
Who grieves not when he hears it is a ————
Deteſted change! and laſting blot of fame!
Through blind caprice to looſe a ſoldier's name.

*COME then O *W*——! thou publick peſt along!
Great maſter of the rabble, and the throng!
And whilſt the muſe adventures to relate,
The foes of prince, of kingdom, and of ſtate,

* The reader will eaſily ſee the uſe here made of the concluſion of the *Eſſay on Man*. The author has the ſatisfaction however to be convinced he is not miſtaken, like the great writer of that inimitable poem, in the application of his epithets.

Teach

Teach me like *thee* in ev'ry meanneſs wiſe,
To fall with infamy, through ſcandals riſe;
Let by *thy* model happily to draw,
A life of vice in ſpite of God, or law;
Too publick for thy country's peaceful times!
Too popular to ſink at leaſt by *crimes!*

O WHILST along the road of time thy name!
Deteſted drives, and ſpatters all its ſhame,
Shall I through *thee* attempt the proſp'rous path,
And riſe like *S——ge* ſpite of courtly wrath;
The preſent race repos'd, the coming age
Shall bluſh that thou eſcap'd their father's rage,
Then may theſe lines with humble truth rehearſe
Thou urg'd the harmleſs ardour of my verſe;
That forc'd by thee, I touch'd the virtuous fire!
From rude reproach, to ſatire's honeſt ire.
For boiſt'rous rage, advis'd calm penitence,
Bid outrage dire ſubſide in common ſenſe.

That reaſon truth a people's worth proclaim,
That prudence wiſdom ſuit the nobleſt aim,
That juſtice virtue mildneſs make our eaſe,
And our chief bleſſing is to live in peace.

THE END.